

# HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

SEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1892.

NUMBER 50.

## We Mourn the Loss of Profits.

### GREAT FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

# SALE OF CLOTHING

We are going to make some improvements in our store room after January 1st. The contract is signed and sealed with the contractors—consequently we are compelled to sell our stock or pack it away. We prefer selling it at a sacrifice.

### NOTHING RESERVED.

Every suit of clothes, every Overcoat, every Pair of Pants marked in plain figures. We will just split them in half. This means 50 cents on the dollar. The cheapest sale of fine ready made clothing in Kentucky.

Our business is not conducted by fakes and guessing schemes. The man that's selling watch chains on the street corner for \$1, throwing in a watch just to show his generosity, needs watching. "Bunco Stealers," "Rattle Dazzle" tricksters and green goods sharps always promise great returns from small investments. Intelligent minds are on to the racket, and take no stock in such humbuggery. 'Tis value they want.

100 CENTS WORTH OF GOODS—  
—FOR 100 CENTS IN CASH

Is what we give the people. But at this sale

100 CENTS WORTH AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR!

Every article in our establishment is ticketed at the lowest price possible. The stamp of durability is on every garment.

If you have not dealt with us, ask your neighbor, who has. We invite you to our store, feeling assured that you will be pleased with our garments and satisfied with the matchless values we offer.

## L. & G. STRAUS,

### LEADING CLOTHIERS,

LEXINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

#### LEE COUNTY.

Deaths at Beattyville Chronicle by "the of the Boys."

Some fifteen or twenty years ago Capt. David Hogan moved with his family to this county. About twelve or fifteen years ago he brought suit against his wife, Mary C. Hogan, alleging as his cause of action an uncontrollable temper, upon which he was granted a divorce. Not long after obtaining the divorce he married a Miss Mann, with whom he lived until some time last April, when she died. Last Friday there was issued a marriage license to David Hogan and Mary C. Hogan, (his first wife, from whom he had been divorced fifteen years), and they are again man and wife. They are the father and mother of three or four grown sons and daughters, and the grandfather and grandmother of several children. Capt. Hogan is a prominent Republican of this county, and is as clever a gentleman as can be found anywhere, and it is to be hoped that the voice of this "second union" may be one of unbroken peace.

Last year seems to be having its effect upon the whole county. There's nothing like it.

Married, at the residence of Thomas J. Phillips and wife, in West Beattyville, last Thursday evening, at 3 o'clock p. m., Mr. Edward Itum and Miss Lucinda Phillips. They were united in matrimony, Father Jones, of the Catholic Church, Mt. Sterling, officiating. The beautiful ceremony was performed in an elegantly decorated room, which had been artistically arranged for the occasion. Immediately after the marriage ceremony and congratulations, the host of friends who had gathered there to witness this celebrated event were then served with a sumptuous repast. Mr. Itum is one of our most prominent young men, and his lovely bride one of the most charming belles of our city. We extend hearty congratulations to the happy couple, and invoke upon them the blessings of peace, happiness and abundant prosperity through life.

John C. Steele and Miss Mary J. Newton, of this city, "stole a march" on their friends Thursday evening, and were married at the residence of Thomas Jamison in the presence of a few friends. May they live long, happily and prosperously.

Thursday was not much of a good day for marrying, but, nevertheless, Beattyville boasted three weddings. "Can't lead us."

The new Presbyterian Church on East Main street is being rapidly constructed.

The Three Forks Lumber Company is having a large storehouse erected on its mill property fronting Lumber street. This Company is operating its mill.

Beattyville, Feb. 29, '92. HYPERION.

#### CARLISLE THIR CHOICE.

Expressions of Members as to Their Presidential Favorites.

A crowd of members of the General Assembly were standing on the State-house steps in the bright sunshine recently, when politics, an ever-interesting topic was brought up. A poll was taken to see who their preference was for Presidential nominee, with the following result:

Senator Carlisle said: I am for Carlisle, with any other good man for second choice.

Mr. Edmonson: I am for Carlisle and Boies.

Lieut. Gov. Alford: I am for Carlisle and Hill.

Senator Board: I am for Carlisle and Boies.

Dr. Woods: Waterman and Gray are my candidates.

W. H. May: Cleveland and Gray.

Senator Mulligan: Carlisle and Boies or Russell.

Senator Anderson: I am for Carlisle and Boies.

Mr. Ayres: Carlisle.

Mr. Stephenson: Carlisle first, Cleveland second.

Mr. Garrison: Carlisle and Boies or Russell.

Mr. Dean: Carlisle first. With him out, I am for Flower if Hill and Cleveland cannot agree.

Speaker Moore, of the House: I have always been and still a Hill man.

Senator Wortham: Carlisle.

Senators Daum and Downer (Republicans) are for Harrison.

Mr. Shouse: Cleveland first, Carlisle second.

Mr. Halbert: Carlisle, Boies or Palmer.

Nation's Death of Senator Hargis.

A letter received by Mr. J. Green Trimble yesterday morning from his nephew, W. O. Mize, Enrolling Clerk of the Senate, conveys the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Senator Hargis. We quote from the letter: "I regret to inform you of the sudden death of Senator Hargis, which occurred at 5:30 this morning, after a brief illness, beginning yesterday at 10 a. m. The cause was cholera morbus, and neither Mr. Hargis nor his friends apprehended any danger until about midnight, when his mind began to wander. The remains will be conveyed to Lexington in charge of a legislative escort, leaving here tomorrow (Monday) at 10:10 a. m. Mr. Sterling advocate, Feb. 29th.

#### KENTUCKY SINCE THE WAR,

And Its Loyalty to the Union During that Bloody Struggle.

The Northern people have never been able to understand what because of the Union party in Kentucky at the close of the war. It vanished with a suddenness and completeness that best any of the tricks of magician Herrmann, and in its stead appeared an overwhelming majority for the party that had in Northern minds become identified with Southern sympathy—the Democracy. They have never been able to understand that, as Kentucky's proposed neutrality at the beginning of the war showed her the most thoughtful, deliberate, cool-headed and logical of the States at that trying time, so her political attitude at its close displayed the clearest understanding and the most liberal acceptance of its results.

When the war ended, it ended, as far as Kentucky was concerned, I am proud of many things in the history of this pioneer Commonwealth, but of none an I prouder than that Kentucky's voice was the first to cry "peace" and "pardon" when the guns ceased to thunder and the sabres were sheathed. There was no lingering bitterness here, and the Union men who had held the State in line were in advance of all other States, and in advance of Congress, in extending a general amnesty to the returning Confederates. All honor to the Union men of Kentucky. No people ever gave a grander exhibition of magnanimity than did they when, with the State government in their hands, they wiped from the statute books every trace of war legislation, and restored to full citizenship the men who for patriotic sake had been in arms against the policy of the State.

It was an example that was thrown away on the North—not on its returning soldiers—but on its stay-at-home politicians, whose hatred against the South rose higher as the Confederacy crumbled, and who had entrenched themselves in power while others were fighting the country's battles. They lost sight of their earlier claim that the South could not leave the Union, and when the South lay helpless they treated it as no longer a part of the Union. Waging a war to prevent secession, they grounded their reconstruction policy on a theory that the South had seceded and was no longer in the Union, but had to be re-admitted to Statehood as the North saw fit.

To the magnanimous Union men of Kentucky—a of a State whose soldiers were with the South—this theory and procedure were repulsive. Logically, they held that the South had never left the Union. They had fought to keep it in, and were not disposed to deny their own victory in order to feed a vicious grudge. They resented, too, the policy of treating Kentucky, a Union State, as if she had seceded. The tyranny of Palmer and Burbridge and the Federal authorities was resented as an unwarrantable interference with the rights of a State that was as much a Union State as Massachusetts. These things drove many of the returning Union soldiers and Union men of Kentucky into the Democratic party, because in this State that party represented the logical acceptance of the result of the war, and there they have remained ever since.

And that was the great vanishing act that made Kentucky overwhelmingly a Democratic State, and so confirmed the Northern mind as to Kentucky's attitude toward the Union that Mr. Carlisle is today not considered an "available" candidate for the Presidency because a river divides his home from the State of Ohio.

It is about time Kentucky was getting credit for her loyalty, if loyalty is to continue a factor in politics when all are loyal. Instead of laying it out against Mr. Carlisle that he is from this side of the Ohio, if there is any shrewdness in this loyalty business at the North—and there isn't for it is all political humbug to extinguish a rising Presidential possibility—he should rather be rewarded. Had it not been for men such as Mr. Carlisle, Kentucky and Missouri and Maryland might have made a different story of the war—Morgan, in Owensboro Inquirer.

#### He Wants It Every Week.

CAMPION, KY., Feb. 27, '92. SPENCER COOPER—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed \$1 for THE HERALD from July 29, '91 to July 29, '92, and please forward to Eldorado, Oklahoma (Texas) from this date, as the place will be my future home, and I cannot expect to be satisfied there without the clear old HERALD. I would advise all who are going to do likewise. We will start from Trenton March 1. Respectfully, N. P. NAPIER.

As a toilet luxury, Ayer's Hair Vigor cannot be equaled. It is highly perfumed, and keeps the scalp clean and cool.

## NO PAY, NO PAPER.

To meet our expenses, we must insist on collecting all subscriptions in advance.

### Your Subscription Expires

189—

and your renewal is earnestly solicited; or, if you wish to discontinue, send balance due at the rate of \$1.00 a month. ALL unpaid subscriptions will be dropped from our books March 11, and the accounts be placed in an officer's hands for collection. Thanking you for past patronage, and soliciting your continued good will, I am, Respectfully yours, SPENCER COOPER.

#### HE WAS TOO ANXIOUS.

Hack-Driver Graham Arrested Because of His Greediness to Get Passengers.

Hugh Graham, a hack driver, is in trouble because of alleged unscrupulous means which he resorted to in securing passengers. When the train came into the First-street depot at 6 o'clock one day last week, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Fallon, of Daytsborough, were among the passengers. They had a ticket to Fayetteville, Ark., and attached to it was a check which would enable them to be transferred free of charge from the First street to the Fourteenth street depot. Mr. Fallon says he asked Graham where the transfer vehicle was. Graham told him that he was the man in charge and to step into his carriage. When they arrived at the Fourteenth street depot Graham said he had nothing to do with the check, and wanted two dollars. Fallon refused to pay this, and the hack driver tried to take his valise. The depot-master interfered, and Capt. Hagar arrested Graham on the charge of disorderly conduct. Capt. Hagar says such complaints are becoming too numerous and he will make a test case of this. Mr. Fallon and his wife agreeing to remain in the city to prosecute Graham. It has not been long since an aged woman who was traveling alone was treated in a like manner by a hack driver, but as she left the city the case was dismissed in court.—Courier-Journal.

#### DEMOCRATIC WIGWAM.

The Convention Hall Will Seat 20,000 People.

The wigwam in which the sessions of the Democratic National Convention will be held will be sufficiently large to seat 20,000 people. At least that is the understanding that has been reached by the local committee having in charge the erection of the structure. According to the agreement which has been reached with the representatives of the National Committee, Chicagoans to have one-fifth of the admission tickets. The original agreement called for seats for 15,000 persons, but the local Democrats desire more than the 3,000 seats they would obtain under this arrangement, as they have decided to increase the size of the building. A design will be selected within a week, and the erection of the wigwam commenced almost immediately thereafter. It is thought that it will be located on the lake front north of the old exposition building.

#### CLEVELAND.

Frank Hurd Declares that the Ex-President is in the Race.

Hon. Frank H. Hurd, of Toledo, Ohio, has announced that he will be a candidate for delegate-at-large from Ohio to the National Democratic Convention, and if so appointed he will place Governor Cleveland in nomination before that body. He also says that there will be, within a few days, a conference of leading Ohio Democrats, including ex-Gov. Campbell and Congressman Harter, to organize the party for Cleveland and tariff reform against free coinage. Mr. Hurd went to Ann Arbor on the 23d to meet Mr. Cleveland, and announces authoritatively that the latter is a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

#### May Take the Midland.

It is rumored that the L. & N. has purchased the Kentucky Midland, and will, as an early date, begin building it through Bath and Bourbon counties, and on through the mountains to Pound Gap.

It is not generally believed that the deal has been consummated, but there seems little doubt that negotiations are pending. The citizens of the counties through which the Midland passes are doing all in their power to get the L. & N. railroad to take hold of it. Unless the L. & N. can see a way to make money out of this purchase, however, it is scarcely probable that it can be induced to take the property.

#### Woodside Farm.

Mr. Clarence S. Bates, of Harrods Creek, sends the following: "Your trial box of Quinn's Ointment has pleased me wonderfully. I used it to remove unpleasant 'Fleas of Withers.'" This is the national expression of the who are using Quinn's Ointment." Sold by Rose & Jones.

Keep the hair healthy and of a natural color by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

## COUSSEN'S LIGHTNING LINIMENT

### FOR MAN OR BEAST

USED FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS FOR RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK, SPRAINS, ETC. ONE APPLICATION CURES CROUP, BRUISES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT. BY RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

## GRAND OPENING

## English Kitchen,

No. 12, W. Short Street, : Lexington, Ky.

Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.

CUS LUIGART, Proprietor.

## J. W. CRAVEN,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.



## UNDERTAKER

— AND DEALER —

### COFFINS, CASKETS,

And Trimmings of All Kinds.

I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and at low prices, COFFINS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES, from the cheapest to the very finest. I can furnish coffins cheaper than you can buy the trimmings. Price of Coffins from \$5 up. I have a fine hearse, and will deliver coffins cheap.

### FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED.

TOMBSTONES! My arrangements are such that I can furnish Tombstones or monuments from any kind of Marble or Granite, and at the very lowest prices. Very respectfully, J. W. CRAVEN.

GOOD MEASURE FOR LOVE.

One twilight was there when it seemed  
New stars beneath yonder eyelids gleamed;  
In vain the warning clouds would creep  
Near the door of beauty's sleep;

In vain the trundle yearned to hold  
Far eyes and little heart of gold;  
And love that kisses are the stuff of  
At last for once there was enough of.

As though of all affection's road  
The fond attic-maid had been found—

Each childlike fancy heaping more,  
Like spindrift from a miser store,  
Till stopped by bug and star by kiss—  
The sweet condition ran like this:

"How much do I love you?" (I remember but

part of the words of the truth of this love)

"I love you"—he said—"why I love you—a

heart

Brutal and running over.

"I love you a hundred!" said he with a

sequence:

"A thousand!" said she as she nestled;

"A million!" he cried in triumphant ease.

While she with the numbers wrestled.

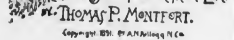
"Ah! I have found it!" she shouted, "Ah!"

(The red to the soft cheeks mounting)

"I love you—I love you—I love you, pa."

Over the last of the numbers she said.

Robert Underwood Johnson, in St. Nicholas.



Copyright 1911, by H. B. F. & Co.

CHAPTER XX.

AUNT MITCHELL SPEAKS.

Hiram soon became as placid and self-satisfied as ever, and the next morning he went down town to his office with not a trace of the disturbance either showing in his features or ranking in his conscience. For several weeks everything went along smoothly with him, and every day he felt more and more in love with his charitable qualities and his Christian virtues. Hiram Blatford was not a man to give way to any insignificant feeling, and he did not allow himself to be deterred him for any great length of time. At one time felt that he hadn't always done just right, but he managed to shift the blame of his wrong actions to some other person's shoulders, and succeeded, to his own satisfaction, in exonerating himself completely.

But another bombshell was destined to fall in the Blatford camp, and it fell with terrible effect. This bombshell came in the shape of an elderly maiden lady known as Miss Mitchell Blatford, sister to Hiram, who for some years had lived entirely isolated from her brother. She devoted to pay him a visit, and, accordingly, one day some weeks after the Christian aid society meeting she alighted at Hiram's door. Hiram was not particularly glad to see his sister, for to tell the truth she had an uncomfortable way of speaking her mind that Hiram did not like. He distinctly remembered several occasions when she had freely spent her opinion of him and his way of doing, and she had not always considered him in the light of an injured innocent. He knew that she would soon discover the relation existing between himself and his daughter, and he felt mostly certain that her sympathies would be with the latter, and that a "blowing up" for him would be the result.

Sarah was not glad to see Miss Blatford either, and she not only shared in Hiram's feelings, but she was inclined to look upon any of his people as interlopers when they presumed to visit the house that ought to be sacred



"HIRAM, YOU'RE A FOOL!" she said to the Spicklers. She feared, moreover, that this strong-minded woman would jar on her nerves, for she had understood from her husband how Miss Mitchell was inclined to give vent, in no uncertain terms, to her honest opinions. Sarah felt that she was a good, saintly creature; yet she was not anxious that anyone should speak the truth about her in her presence. If she could have had her desire, she would have had Miss Mitchell's visit postponed indefinitely.

Of course Hiram and Sarah made an effort to welcome her, but the effort was very much weakened by her lack in warmth and feeling. Miss Mitchell either did not notice this or ignored it for reasons of her own, and

proceeded to make herself at home in her brother's house after her own peculiar fashion.

Aunt Mitchell, as she was usually called by those who knew her well, was of a cold, taciturn disposition. She was distant and unsocial toward those who were not her friends, and toward strangers, or those whom she disliked, she was rigid to the last degree. She had a knack of forming a pretty correct estimate of people on first sight, and her first-formed opinion of Mr. Blatford was anything but flattering to that lady's Christian character. Mr. Blatford attempted to make up to her erratic sister-in-law, but on each occasion met with such a cold repulse that she soon gave up the effort.

Aunt Mitchell preserved a quiet, cold dignity in her deportment to her brother and his wife, and avoided their society as much as possible. When she was forced into their presence, however, she maintained the bearing of one who is making a strong effort to hold herself in check. If her constrained manner, she frequently succeeded in making an icy atmosphere in the house, but she caused the household to feel uncomfortable, and gave Hiram a spell of nervous fits. Every one felt that she would not leave this rigid deportment for many days, and they were assured that when she did break loose there would be a terrible explosion.

Thus for a week Aunt Mitchell kept the family on the tickle of her tongue. Mrs. Blatford grew so nervous in the meantime that every unusual noise caused her heart to cease beating. Blatford worked himself up to such a point of uneasiness that he stood in momentary dread of some great visitation. As for old Mrs. Spickler, Aunt Mitchell knocked her clear out of the ring at first sight. The icy bow and the piercing look she gave that did not in the least disguise her contempt for the occasion of their introduction was sufficient to terrify her for all time to come. Mrs. Spickler was the possessor of considerable spirit, and many people had quailed before her gaze, but she was not equal to Aunt Mitchell's cutting glance. She tried to avoid Aunt Mitchell's eyes after that first meeting, and if by chance she did catch a glance from them she wilted and shrank until she felt that she was but an atom of humanity—a mere speck of flesh and blood.

One morning the Blatford household were assembled at breakfast, when Aunt Mitchell came in a little late. A glance at her face as she coldly nodded her salutation was enough to reveal the fact that her feelings were struggling to break to the surface. She sat down to the table with a sigh, and putting herself in the most rigid attitude, preserved a perfect silence. Blatford was detailing to his wife the particulars of the new building, and the repairing of the church.

"It can be done for a hundred dollars," he said, "and that amount can be easily raised."

"I should think so," replied Sarah. "You will give something, I know."

"Yes, I have already subscribed twenty-five dollars. Ten for myself, ten for you and five for mother."

Aunt Mitchell said nothing just then, but the corners of her mouth began to twitch and she jabbed her fork into the food viciously. Two or three minutes passed in perfect silence, then Aunt Mitchell, with her knife in her hand, drew a long breath, and said:

"Hiram, you're a fool."

The bomb had been discharged, and its effect on Hiram was not to be wondered at. With his knife and fork in hand, and with his mouth and eyes open, transfixed. Sarah turned all sorts of colors and trembled all over. Mrs. Spickler, who herself sat there, picked up her fork and thought sure she would disappear altogether in a little while.

"Hiram, you're a fool," Aunt Mitchell repeated after giving a contemptuous glance at her. "You're a fool and worse. You're a fool to think that you have got any religion. You're a fool to be led by the nose, and you're worse than a fool to turn your house into an asylum for these Pickles while your own child is an outcast in the world, without friends or money. I tell you, Hiram Blatford, you haven't got much religion as a buzzard, and you haven't got as much heart as a stone."

"Why—why, Mitchell," Hiram stammered, having recovered a little from his astonishment.

"Don't 'why' me, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell went on. "I know what I'm talking about, and you know I do. The idea of you giving money to convert the heathen to the church, and at the same time sort of thing, when your own child may be a mockery and a wonder. It's a shame and a mockery, and I wonder that God don't damn you for it. The idea of you helping to convert the heathen! It's ridiculous. If there is a wild negro in Africa that is any more heathenish toward his offspring than I am toward yours, then I say God pity him. Oh, you may wince, Hiram, but you know it's the truth I'm speaking. Do you suppose God is going to give a place in Heaven to a man who has no place in his home, or whose heart for his own child? No, much. I won't, and you can't buy yourself into his favor, as you do into Wheeler's, with the gift of money. As I said, you're a fool and worse. Talk about your religion! Why, there's a particle of it in this house, and there ain't a one of you that knows what Christianity is. Not a single one of all you fellows knows any more about Christianity than a pig."

Aunt Mitchell cast a defiant glance around as she ceased speaking, and as

she came to Mrs. Blatford last, and noted the shamed look of that lady, she gave a contemptuous sniff. Hiram trembled with rage and shame. He realized only too well the truth of his sister's words, but for all the world he wouldn't have acknowledged anything. With a great effort he contrived to say to a certain extent, and with tolerable firmness said:

"Mitchell, this is my house, and while you remain in it I wish you would show decent respect for my feelings and the feelings of my family."

"I shall not remain in this house another day, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell replied. "I feel now, and I have felt from the first, that I am not wanted here. I could hardly hope to find a welcome to this house when your own child is not welcome, and I would not have remained here this long only I hoped to find an occasion for showing you what a fool you are. You have your Pickles about you and you are happy. You give money to this thing and that thing and you imagine you are doing Christian duty. You listen to hypocritical professions at home and flattery abroad, and you think you are a good man. But mark my word, Hiram, the day will come when you will discover that you have woefully



misused the Christian's work in life. In the next world, if not in this, your neglect of your daughter will rise up against you and make you wish you had never been born. You are a hypocrite when the compliments and flatteries of Wheeler and the Pickles will not soothe your soul."

"But, Mitchell, listen to me—" Hiram began only to be promptly shut up by his sister who went on:

"There is no excuse for your conduct, Hiram, none at all. Your daughter may have done wrong in marrying against your will, but she could not have done greatly wrong, since you acknowledge that John Green is a good, honest, sober, industrious man. But wrong or not, her crime was not so great that you were warranted in making her an outcast, while you fill your house with those who care for you only so far as your dollars and cents go. Do you think I will forgive you if you ever expect to get to Heaven take some of the money you are subscribing against your will, and devote it to your child's needs. Better a thousand times let the church go unpaid than to let that child suffer one moment from want. Now I've said my say, Hiram, and I hope my words will set you to thinking and acting more like a Christian and less like a heathen, and that before you throw away another dollar in the useless effort to buy favor of God, you will act the part of a civilized father. 'Wee unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites.'"

Having thus brought her lecture to a finish and feeling her soul relieved of a great burden, Aunt Mitchell arose from her seat and giving a withering look of scorn and pity to those at the table, swept from the room, and an hour later left Blatford's house. Hiram's words had a telling effect on Mrs. Blatford. She had never before tried her old tactics to rally him, and they lacked their old-time efficacy, and he left the house that morning in a sad, dejected state of mind.

Reverend Mr. Blatford, plunged into his business duties with unusual energy, and for a little while held them tight; but soon his thoughts wandered back to the scene at home, and between him and his papers there floated pictures of his child. Now he saw her face, pale and sad, looking reproachfully into his eyes, and again he caught a glimpse of her form, no longer rounded and plump as of her childhood, but thin and gaunt, looking like a withered skeleton, telling only too well the story of want and suffering. For an hour or more he tried to banish his daughter from his thoughts and concentrate his mind upon the business he had in hand, but in spite of all his efforts pictures of his child would dance before his eyes and distract him and add to his self-accusations.

At last, finding that it was impossible to control his wandering thoughts and fix them where he wished, and being unable to longer endure the thoughts of his child, he went down the stairs and pen and ink from the office, and he walked nudly down the street, hav-

ing no idea of his destination, having no care for his course, intent on but one thing, and that was to escape the thoughts that haunted him. On and on he walked until he passed through the town and out into the country, nor did he halt until he came to the river bank. Then he sat down and removing his hat felt his burning, throbbing brow.

"My God, my God," he murmured, "what have I done! My poor, lost child, how could I ever forget you? How have I forgotten your mother and my promise to her. Oh, God, spare me and let me live to undo what I have done. Let me but see my child once more and receive her forgiveness for all of my neglect and cruelty."

A long time he sat there gazing down into the deep flowing water, and more than once he was inclined to throw himself into the current and find relief at once for his tortured soul. There he thought, he could escape the awful thoughts that haunted him, and he fancied that the cold water would be welcome to his burning brow, but finally he saw that his child was once more and alone to her for his cruel neglect got the better of him, and he arose and went toward his office.

As he walked unsteadily back he wondered why people stared at him so, little dreaming what a change a few hours of mental anguish had worked in his outward appearance. He did not know that his countenance bore a large, and his eyes bloodshot. He did not realize that the fies of hell that barred within him had scorched and seamed his outwardly.

He was passing his office when he met Rev. Wheeler, and that gentleman instantly noted the great change in his valued parishioner, and immediately sought to avoid Brother Blatford's home. He approached to take the old man's arm, but Blatford waved him off, and almost fled from the spot. His action surprised Rev. Wheeler beyond anything, and he thought that gentleman perfectly daunted. Rev. Wheeler looked after the fleeing figure for an instant, undecided what to do, but finally he concluded to follow. After a few moments he caught up with Blatford.

"Brother," he said, "you are ill. Allow me to see you home."

"Don't touch me!" Blatford fairly shrieked, and he glared angrily upon the minister. "Don't come near me. You helped to do it, Go away from me. My child is dying of want. I feel it. I know it. And you helped to lead me away from her and blind me to her rights and claims. Don't speak to me again. I want my poor, wronged child, and I'm going to find her."

Then, before the astonished minister could utter his scathing remarks, the old man was gone. He passed around the corner and entered his office, where, sinking into a seat, he buried his face in his hands and wept. "Oh, my child, my child," he groaned, "what have I done! How cruel, how heartless have I acted toward my own flesh and blood—my only child. How blind and brutal I have been, and how wicked is the awakening to the enormity of my sin. Oh, for one sight of my child, one word of forgiveness from her lips. I must find her. I must search the country from end to end for her."

At that instant the door opened and a clerk came in. He approached the old man diffidently, for he could not help seeing the great change that had come over him. He held a telegram in the desk and without a word withdrew, and Blatford opened the telegram at once and read:

"Come immediately. Do not delay under any circumstances. This is the most important matter of your life. Come quick. SCARGES."

The old man sprang to his feet in an instant, and rushed wildly out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Ingenious Piece of Mechanism.

An autograph of a mechanism has been introduced which forms, fills, weighs and seals packages in those establishments where large quantities of goods, such as fine-cut tobacco, soda, starch, etc., are constantly packed. The mechanism consists of the Cincinnati Times-Star, consists of a series of forming blocks, receptacles, folders, gunners and feeders, all working in harmony so that the packages are smoothly and continuously produced. The forming blocks successively size the paper, which instantly after is wrapped around them, folded and gummed at the end: the paper packs are then arranged into receptacles filled with the commodity for which they are intended, finally folded on top and sealed.

Wound by the Sun.  
A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes near to being a perpetual-motion machine as it is likely ever to be invented; for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan sets upon a mechanism which raises the clock and the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again set in motion, and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep going.—Optician.

MILITARY DISAFFECTION.

Recent Outbreaks Among the Disaffected English Soldiers.  
The banishment of an entire English regiment to hard duty in Canada as a punishment for insubordination is still fresh in the public mind, followed as it was by another mutiny much more serious, the mutinies being sent upon that occasion to Indian service. The latest report from Aldershot has created a sensation in England and a profound sympathy for the soldiers throughout the kingdom. The report implicates a number of the soldiers of the crack regiments of that place in an attempt upon the life of a corporal, whose inhuman severity to the men in his command could no longer be borne.

In the last five years from every branch of the English army, both in England and in the foreign service, a dangerous discontent, suppressed only by the most severe measures, has been apparent, and the strongest feeling against entering the service is everywhere manifested.

There was a time when the English army was the finest in the world, when the most ardent and discipline were perfect, and the soldier himself was proud of the service. The decline in the popularity of the army has been going on for a long time. Complacencies in the army are bound to be seeped in all kinds, but seepages, as a rule, do not take kindly to discipline, although they are invariably the severest marks. The monstrous life of the barracks, the tedious and laborious drills, the lack of actual employment, the lack of a soldier, wear upon the rank and file, and the regulations and conditions of the service make many abuses possible.

The disaffection of the English soldiery is marked when compared to the enthusiasm exhibited for the army in France where the army is made of reserve men drawn from the life of perfectly trained volunteer force, the discipline of the German army, the reagents of which bear the most practical drills regard a mutiny.

Voluntaries and statesmen are beginning to regard the situation in the army of England as serious, but are at a loss to know how exactly to proceed in its reorganization. In many years there has been no period when the army that the army should regain its prestige was so great as it is now. England's foreign relations are beset with dangers, and at any time diplomacy may fail and force be the means of maintaining her position.

That spirit of patriotism which animates the armies of France, Russia and Germany, is not so intense in the English army. The English are weary of the hardships of campaigns under the burning sun and amid the drifting sands of Egypt, and in the lowlands of India. The statesmen would sacrifice every soldier in the army to retain India, and many brave men have died in the service of a useless sacrifice in Egypt, but the masses of the English people are bound to the land of blood and the two of the foreign possessions: to Canada, because it has before it a prospect of political liberty; to Australia, whose future is best destiny; to India, where there are no more for India and Egypt, where, nevertheless, they must support the empire. They do not want to perform that, they do China and the heart of Africa.—Chicago Graphic.



Copyright 1911, by H. B. F. & Co.

Made Well.

—the weak, nervous or ailing woman who takes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine that's guaranteed to help her. It's an invigorating, healthful, and bracing nerve—and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses that affect women. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's an unfailing remedy. It's a peculiar one, too. Peculiar in composition, peculiar in its cures, and peculiar in the way it's sold. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction, in every case, or the money is refunded. You pay only for the good you get.

It's the big, old-fashioned pill that makes the most disturbance—out it's one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets that do the most good. Mild and gentle, but thorough and effective—the smallest, cheapest and easiest to take. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

DR. PIERCE'S  
CATHARTIC  
PILLS  
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE, 50c.  
SALVATION OIL  
Selling at 10c. per bottle.









## HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Has a larger circulation in Wolfe, Morgan and Highland than all other papers in the State, and merchants in Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati will find it the most useful through which to secure Mountain Trade.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

STANDARD ADVERTISEMENTS.	
1 inch, 12 months.....	\$ 7.50
2 inches, ".....	12.50
3 inches, ".....	15.00
4 inches, ".....	18.75
5 inches, ".....	22.00
6 inches, ".....	25.00

Liberal rates on larger advertisements made known on application.  
Local notices to be inserted among reading matter, 10 cents a line, with a discount of 25 per cent. where they can be made of short notice.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, etc., 5c a line. Count six words to the line and send money with the manuscript. We will write obituaries and publish at 5 cents a line.  
Marriage and death notices, not exceeding two lines, solicited and published FREE.

10 CENTS PER LINE FOR REGULAR ADVERTISING PAYABLE QUARTERLY ON DEMAND.

Address: SPEYER CHOPPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

John H. Coney has moved to Ky. in Morgan county.

Mrs. Rilda Day is quite sick, and has been confined to her home since Sunday.

Miss Ellen McNamee, of St. Helena, is visiting her brother, F. McNamee, of this place.

Nothing equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood, and as a spring medicine.

Miss Mollie Douglas, late music teacher at the Academy, left Sunday morning for Lexington.

Wanted—A few choice cash on hand at this office at 5c a pound in cash, or the pound on subscription.

We learn that Alex. Hargis will succeed in the vacancy in the State Senate caused by the death of J. S. Fisher.

We are in receipt of a letter from John Harper, of Georgetown, Texas, who has lined space this week, and we are sorry to hear of his reason for leaving out letters from West Liberty and Bear Pen.

Charley Smith, formerly of this place, who left here to teach school in Powell county, is now clerking for Norton & Congleton, at Bowen Station, in that county. Charley was here on Monday, and paid our office a pleasant call.

Willie May and wife, late of this place, have rented Floyd Day's property in this place, and are keeping house. Mr. Day will shortly move to Clay City, where his duties as president of the bank and manager of the mill will require his presence at all times.

See the advertisement of the Hazel Green mill in this issue. This mill is now in charge of Potts & Wireman, two practical millers, and the work they are turning out renders entire satisfaction to all. They ground one lot of wheat last week that yielded 35 pounds and the other lot which made 40 pounds to the bushel. No another mill in the country can produce so well, and you can save money by giving it your patronage.

Breeders of this section should read Mr. Treacy's advertisement of Ashland Park Stallions for 1892, and arrange to give him some business. Mr. Treacy will give liberal terms to any farmer in this or the adjoining counties who may wish to purchase the horses, and if our farmers wish to raise colts that will bring big money they should head to one of the "horns of the finest." Write Mr. Treacy and arrange matters before it is too late. Remember that lost chance never comes again.

W. W. Swanton, accompanied by his brother John, of Maytown, paid our office a pleasant call Monday. Wash came up to have some bills printed for his home, George West, one of the best bred animals in Eastern Kentucky, his sire being Allie West, bred and owned by B. J. Treacy, of Lexington. Allie West produced some good ones, but died before any of his produce was developed. See bills for a full description of George West, and consult Mr. Swanton at Maytown for particulars.

Do not fail to read the advertisement of the Clay City National Bank, which appears in this issue of our paper. Floyd Day, whom everybody in this section knows to be a business man of safe methods, is the President of the institution, and all business from this section will therefore be carefully attended to. Frank Russell, the cashier, is also well known to many of our citizens as an upright gentleman. Those who have money to deposit or loan cannot do better than to patronize this institution.

For Sale or Rent.  
35 Acres of Land, 16 cleared; good 3 room dwelling, good barn and necessary out-buildings. Liberal terms. Call on or address, J. M. GILVER, Freeburg, Ky.

## DISASTROUS FIRE.

### THE HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY HOME IN ASHES.

It Will Be Rebuilt Again at an Early Day—The Residence of Mr. Fletcher McIntire Unharmed on Fire, but the Flames are Promptly Extinguished.

Just after 1 o'clock on Friday evening smoke was seen to issue from the northern end of the Academy Home, in this place, and almost instantly the cry of fire was heard. Bells all over town were rung, and in a short while all the able-bodied citizens of the place were at the scene of the conflagration. It was apparent from the first that it would be useless to attempt to save the building, and a united effort was therefore made to save the furniture, clothing, etc., but so rapidly did the flames travel in their work of destruction, that even this was only partially successful. In the excitement incident to occasions of this kind, valuable property was left to the hungry flames and herculean efforts made to save articles of less value. This was especially so in one case. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, boarders in the Home, lost nearly everything they had. Mrs. Hughes was among the first to discover the fire, and hurriedly dragged her trunk out of the room onto an upper porch, but not understanding her appeals for assistance, her husband and children were totally destroyed. After the fire they recovered only one or sixty dollars in gold which had melted and partially melted, and this was all they saved.

The building, which was valued at \$3,500, was laid in ruins, but an insurance of \$2,000 will aid in rebuilding, which, we learn, will be commenced at once. The fire and its consequences was a sad blow to Hazel Green, but arrangements have been made by which all boarders attending school can be accommodated without additional outlay, and the fire will therefore in no way interfere with the school, which is now in a most prosperous condition.

The following is a list of losses:  
D. C. Coney, \$300; no insurance.  
G. T. Hughes and wife lost all their clothing, trunks, etc., valued at \$350 or \$400.  
Wm. H. Cord lost shoes, music, clothing, furniture, etc., partly insured.  
Miss Sallie Neal lost clothing and books.  
Mrs. Maggie Elam, books and clothing.  
Misses Cassie Rannels and Jennie May, clothing.  
Miss Lillie Allen, clothing and \$50.  
John F. Jones, books and overcoat.  
W. L. Hammonds, \$22.  
D. C. Coney, \$20.  
W. B. Allen, \$14.  
E. B. Pieratt, \$7.  
H. M. Keeton, \$10.  
Valley Nickel, \$30.  
T. J. Daniels, \$25.  
T. C. Coney, \$20.  
S. G. H. Cord, \$20.  
There are several others who lose smaller amounts.

### ANOTHER FIRE.

On Wednesday morning the alarm of fire was again sounded, when the beautiful residence of Mr. Fletcher McIntire was discovered to be on fire. It was noticed, however, before gaining much headway, and by prompt efforts the flames were subdued. After the burning of the Academy Home Mr. McIntire's residence was rented as a dormitory for the students, and they had just moved in. A decisive fire was the cause of the fire in both cases.

It is hardly necessary to discourse to the citizens of Hazel Green about the destruction that may visit us from the same cause at any time, and warn them to prepare for an emergency, for time and again we have appeared as appendages in vain for an organization to act in such cases. In the case of the Academy Home fire one man could have easily extinguished the flames with a Bickel extinguisher, two of these useful fire fighters can be had for fifty to one hundred dollars, and it remains to be seen whether the town is able to buy one.

Willie May, son of F. N. May and wife, is clerking for his uncle, Frank Horton, of Covington. Willie is an enterprising young man, and, as he likes merchandizing better than any to which he has heretofore engaged in, we would not be surprised some day to see him at the head of a large mercantile house.

Ben H. staff, Presbyterian evangelist, entertained good congregations at the Presbyterian church in this place Sunday morning and a ed ed, and dwelt at length upon the importance of shunning evil of every kind. Especially did he warn young men "to look not upon the wine that is red."

Wanted.  
A hundred tons wanted to log along the K. C. railroad between Jackson and Clay City. For particulars, address FLOYD DAY, Clay City, Ky.

Citizens of Hazel Green and vicinity can secure stationery of any kind they may desire by calling at this office. We have just received—

- 16b Ledger Paper,
- 14b Journal Paper,
- 12b Letter Paper,
- 14b Foolscap Paper,
- 6b Commercial Note Paper,
- 5b Legal Note Paper,
- Lead Pencils,
- Pens, &c.,

All of the best quality and sold at the lowest prices. We have also a supply of the finest printers' stationery ever seen in Eastern Kentucky, including Irish linen, American linen, Old Dutch, &c., and will print and furnish it in quantities to suit at the lowest rates. Give this offer a call when you want paper or printing of any kind and save money.

Fred Day, whose illness has been mentioned in these columns, is still confined to his home, much to the regret of his many friends.

## CONSUMPTION

In its early stages can be cured by the prompt use of

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
It soothes the inflamed tissues, aids expectoration, and hastens recovery.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.  
Lowell, Mass.

## Do Business With a Home Institution.

THE CLAY CITY  
**NATIONAL BANK**  
CLAY CITY, KY.

Capital.....\$50,000.  
FLOYD DAY, FRANK B. RUSSELL, President. Cashier.  
No Bank in Eastern Kentucky has better vaults, nor better facilities for keeping your account. Managed entirely by home people who know you and who are always ready to accommodate you.  
\$500,000 to loan on reasonable rates. Call on us.

**J. H. PIERATT,**  
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Double and Single Rigs and Saddle Horses for hire. Parties conveyed to any point on reasonable terms.  
I will also attend to all calls for kind transportation, and collect business of this kind. Respectfully, &c., JOHN H. PIERATT.

1891-1892.  
**HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.**

+Normal and Preparatory School.+  
SENIOR TERM BEGAN  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1891.

TEACHERS' COURSE embraces all the branches required in the Common School Theory and Practice a specialty. Daily drills for Teachers.  
BUSINESS TEACHERS embrace the Teachers' Course, Book Keeping, Business Forms and Transactions, and Commercial Law.  
ENGLISH COURSE, prepares for Kentucky University, and Colleges of that class. ANCIENT & MODERN LANGUAGES.

Our rates are less than any school in Eastern Kentucky: Rates of Tuition per Month:  
**\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00**  
\$1.00 Payable, cash on entering school the other at middle of term.

WARNING.  
There will be no more trouble about too high board: the cost of board and help raised practically. We can accommodate sixty boarders in our new building; new furniture and good food. The teachers live in the Academy Home, and have the immediate charge of the boarders. D. G. Coney is the caterer; no better can be found.

Hazel Green is the prettiest town in Eastern Kentucky; free from many of the evils of railway towns, and those of more population; its salubrious air, and its beautiful scenery. The people welcome strangers, and have every facility for good as shown around them. All boarders will be under the supervision of the teachers. Send for circular, &c.,  
**WM. H. CORD,**  
PRINCIPAL.

May 8, 1891.  
**DR. J. F. LOCKHART,**

**DENTIST,**  
EZZEL, KY.

THE HERALD and Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer one year for only \$1.50, and now is the time to subscribe.

H. F. PIERATT.

J. T. PIERATT.

## H. F. PIERATT & CO.

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

### LIVE STOCK & COUNTRY PRODUCE.

"Good People, Play Progression,"  
Buy your goods while they are cheap, and now is the time.

**WE ARE SELLING OUT!**  
and this is our reason: We want to buy more goods.

Don't you see that is business. We are not in business merely for pleasure, nor for health, but for the profit, and the way to make it profitable is to sell everybody. And the way to sell everybody is to sell cheaper than anybody. And that is what we are going to do—for Cash or Country Produce.

We have extended the Credit System until we are compelled to close our books, and we respectfully ask those who owe us to come in and pay part or all of your note or account. Trusting you will heed this, we remain,  
Very respectfully, &c.,  
H. F. PIERATT & CO.

**JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10**  
MR. J. I. CASE, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) writes: "After trying every known remedy, I removed a large Blush of two years standing, from a 3 year old Blush, with three applications of QUINN'S OINTMENT. It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen." We have hundreds of such testimonials.  
Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If you do not keep it, send us 25c. and we will send you one. W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y. TRY IT.

## POTTS & WIREMAN, MILLERS,

Begin leave to announce to the citizens of Hazel Green and vicinity that they have recently had their mill at Hazel Green thoroughly overhauled by Rev. B. G. Coney, an experienced mill man, and that they are now prepared to grind Wheat and corn and give the best results. Toll 1-6, and grind days until further notice will be TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.  
Parties from a distance with teams will be cared for over night.  
We are also prepared to do CUSTOM SAWING. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, and the patronage of the public solicited. Respectfully,  
POTTS & WIREMAN.

## R. S. STRADER & SON,

(Successors to J. A. LAM & Co.)  
74 E. MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

## Straight Kentucky Whiskies,

Wines, Brandies, &c.  
FINE OLD WHISKY A SPECIALTY.  
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.  
Agents for "Old Hugh, Old Pepper, Old Tarr and Old Taylor."

## I. DINGFELDER, WITH

**J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,**  
Importers and Jobbers of

## DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

Nos. 537, 539 and 541—  
West Main Street,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

## ROSE & DeBUSK,

PAVEMENT  
**Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.**  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Blacksmithing of all kinds solicited and work promptly done. We make a specialty of building 2-horse wagons, and guarantee all work.  
NOTICE—All who are indebted to the firm, or either of us for work, must come and settle, and cash or satisfactory terms will be demanded for all work done hereafter.  
Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same, we are, respectfully,  
ROSE & DeBUSK.  
J. R. Sharp, Bruce Trimble, T. G. Denton.

## SHARP, TRIMBLE & DENTON,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Have now a complete line of Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Gents' Furnishing Goods. We solicit an inspection of our goods, and guarantee prices satisfactory and articles as recommended.

**H. B. MAUPIN,**  
WITH  
**D. H. CARPENTER,**

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,  
66 1/2  
CATLETTSBURG, KY.

## THE NEW WEBSTER

**WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY**  
Revised and Reissued from Cover to Cover. THE LATEST OF THE TIMES. A GRAND INVESTMENT.  
The Authentic Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, comprising ten volumes of 1864, 70, and 75, and all other copyright has been thoroughly revised and enlarged, under the supervision of Noah Porter, and the supervision of Yale University, and is published by G. & C. Merriam & Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Webster's International Dictionary. The work of Webster occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editorial laborers kept eye, hand, and ear, \$200,000 expended before the first copy was printed.  
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
Pamphlet sent free by the publishers.  
Caution is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as photographic reproductions of the old and comparatively worthless edition of Webster are being marketed under various names and often by misrepresentation.  
GET THE BEST.  
The International Dictionary, Imprint of G. & C. Merriam & Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

## —THE—WINCHESTER BANK,

WINCHESTER, KY.

S. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$30,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

## TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. HIGHTAFF, President.  
O. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.  
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, cash, checks, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cash.

## TRIMBLE BROS.,

WHOLESALE

## GROCERS,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Consignments of produce and the patronage of Mountain Merchants respectfully solicited.

# Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, I. I. KY.

## ASHES ON THE SLIDE.

When Jim and Bill and I were boys, many years ago. How easily did we use to ball the coming of the snow. Our snow fresh painted red and with their runners round and bright. Seemed to respond right briskly to our clamor of delight. As we dragged them up the slippery road that climbed the rugged hill. Where perched the old frame meeting house, no solemn like and still.

Ah! coating in those days—those good old days was fun, indeed. Birds at that time, I'd never seen. Paragons of speed. And if the bill got bare in spots, as hills will do, we'd had on ice and snow to patch those bald spots up again. But oh! with what sad reminiscence our spirits would subside. When Dragoon Frisbie spat ashes where we used to slide!

The dragoon he would roll his eyes and gnash his teeth. And near his throat and twist his moustache. And he'd say, "When I was a boy, they taught me to slide. The dragoon, richly vanities which modern youth pursue." The pathway that leads down to hell is slippery, straight and wide. And Satan looks for prey where little boys are wont to slide!

Now, he who ever in his life has been a little boy. Will not reprove me when he hears the language I employ. To disparage as wickedness the dragoon's reason. In intermingling with the play when we found delight. And so I say, with confidence, not unattested of pride. "Did down the man who sprinkles ashes where the youngsters slide!"

But Dragoon Frisbie once went to his last resting. His money well invested in farm mortgages on the west. Bill and I, no longer boys, have learned through years of strife. That the troubles of the little boy pursue the man through life. But here and there along the course wherein we hoped to glide. Some careless hand has sprinkled ashes to spoil our slide!

And that malicious, envious hand is not the dragoon's now. Grim, ruthless Fate! that evil spirit none other is than thou. Riches and honors, peace and care come at thy beck and go. The soul, dear with joy today, to-morrow writhes in woe. And all a man has turned his face unto the wall and died. He must expect to get his share of ashes on his slide!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

## MOOSE HUNT.

Among the guests at the Driskill hotel a few days ago, a well-known ranchman of Gonzales county. Although he stopped over but a day, he had one large package taken to the hotel, and looked after it so closely that one of his acquaintances finally rallied him about it, inquiring what relic he was guarding so carefully. The inquiry was repeated so often by various acquaintances that Col. Amer finally, in the presence of three or four chosen friends, drew the bolts, unfastened the straps, released the lid of the long box and disclosed a magnificent pair of moose horns, fully six feet from tip to tip, and bearing twenty points. When the exclamations of surprise and delight were over, he was urged to tell all about it, and having listened to a preparatory cigar, he remarked musically:

"It's a very nice thing to have those horns in a box taking them home, but those same horns came of very near getting into a box with me. I have been quite another thing, let me tell you. As the story happens to have this kind of an outcome, though, I am, fortunately, in a position to tell about it, so here goes."

"From southwest Texas to northern Maine is a good long way. It's a little difficult to believe, having seen little more than that they belong to the same country. I don't mind telling you that though I have seen a good deal of the United States, this was my first visit to New England. My little sister, Nellie, you know, the prettiest one, then, that you used to fancy—oh! you remember, do you—well, she married a Maine man three years ago, and this summer I paid her first visit. She lives in Bangor, and her husband is a big lumber dealer there, with interests in half a dozen mills in different parts of the state. He's a fine fellow—Felix Andrews is his name—and he spared no pains to make my visit a delightful one. We spent several weeks on the coast fishing and bathing and having a royal time generally, and were really intending to stay longer when Felix received a message from one of his managers, calling him to come up immediately as his presence was necessary to settle some disturbance and

bad feeling that had arisen among the men, who threatened a revolt. 'I don't like to go away and leave you, Ah,' said Felix, dubiously; but an idea had presented itself to me, and I replied: 'Felix, I think I'll go with you if you don't object. I have always wanted to see the northern part of the state. I'll just seize this opportunity.' Felix was only too glad to have company, and so we started on that memorable trip. I think that one journey included more variety of conveyance than any I ever took. We traveled by boat, by stage coach, by ox wagon, and finally took the last few miles horseback, arriving at the great mill about as nearly frozen as any two people you ever saw. I forgot to tell you that this was the first week in October. I had stayed past the summer because I wanted to get a taste of a real Maine winter; just to see what it was like—and by the time I reached that mill I knew all about it. There was apparently no bottom to the snow, fences were out of sight, and it was crimson snow all the way.

"Well, we stayed at the mill until Felix got everything straightened up among the men. It was the fourth day, I think, that the manager said: 'Andrews, some of the men have been saying that there's a moose about ten miles up the river, near the narrows. There were several yards up there last winter, but we haven't seen one pretty well. It's a good grazing place, though, and they say the moose are gathering in again.' You may imagine what a thrill went over me at the mere suggestion. The bare idea of a moose, a native Maine, going on a moose hunt away in Maine. Felix laughed at me and said that I would find it was not so much fun at last, but he was eager to go. Maine man as he was, he had never been moose hunting but twice in his life. We prepared for a hunt, however, a wagon load of camping materials being made up by the manager and two of his shaggy mongrels who were going with us. Guns and hunting-knives were put into first-class condition and everything was arranged for a three-days' stay in the woods. The first morning, the manager about a good hunting dog they were going to take with them, but when they brought it out on the morning of our start I couldn't keep from laughing. It was a small, shaggy mongrel, about as large as a rat terrier and the most undisciplined plebeian of the dog kind I ever saw in my life. 'For goodness sake, Felix,' I exclaimed, 'is that dog of yours going to hunt a moose? I have always heard of a moose being a hunting dog.' 'Oh, you don't know it at all!' retorted Felix, good-naturedly. 'It wouldn't take a moose more than three minutes to tramp one of your five dogs into shoestring.' And then I said no more, especially as the little dog took a most insane fancy for me and followed me around like a shadow. I saw that his tastes were good, though his pedigree might be a little off.

"We drove easily through the open woods, and finally struck camp at a point about eight miles from the mill. The new cut down poles and made a kind of pen house, open on the south side and roofed over with poles and brush, taking as much pains as though they had come to spend the winter, I told them. They built a huge bonfire opposite the open side of the hut, and we spent the night very comfortably, wrapped in our heavy blankets.

"The next morning we started on our first hunt, separating into two parties, the three mill men constituting one, while Felix, the manager and I composed the other. The little dog went with me, of course, but even with his assistance we found no game that morning. We saw the tracks of some very large ones, however, and we even came upon one of their 'rads,' on the southern slope of a hill, where the snow was all trampled down, and where the twigs and barks of the trees showed that they had recently been browsing, but the yard was empty.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

"The underbrush had thinned out a little and the moose had got where he could stand up. There was no more chance for running. I had to begin dodging again, and I was so near worn out that it was getting to be mighty heavy work. Finally a blow from one of those wicked horns knocked the gun out of my hand and came near knocking my hand with it. The sight of a low, overhanging limb gave me one more faint hope, and I caught and swung myself up and sat then hanging by my head against a tree. I knew that when he knows it's all up with him, I had my gun all the time, but that moose had kept me hustling so fast I hadn't got a chance to shoot. I never saw anything so impetuous and unceremonious as that caribou.

the valley for a mile or so. To tell the truth I was devoured by a frantic desire to see a moose and kill him all by myself, and I didn't think anything else could satisfy me. I was awfully excited, but it didn't take long to knock all that out of me.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

"I should think, and was wandering along trying to look everywhere at once, when all at once I came face to face with the very thing I was looking for, and I was within fifteen feet of it before I saw it. The minute I saw it I wished I was somewhere else. I hadn't expected to see such an enormous brute in the first place, and I hadn't expected it to be as ugly as home-made sin, either. Boys, that animal was eight feet high, and you can see for yourself what his horns looked like. To add to his wicked appearance, he had evidently been engaged in a fight with some hated rival, for there were numerous wounds on his body and neck, from some of which his blood was still trickling in little streams, making his white coat look like a red one. He was very and bloodshot. It didn't take me half an hour to see all this. I just took it in at a glance, you know. That took about half a second. Then I thought I would raise my gun and shoot him through the heart. Just as I was getting ready to do this, however, the moose made a lunge at me, and made a lunge in another direction. I decided to wait and shoot him when he was still. I skipped airily behind a tree. The moose skipped airily after me and reached for me with one hoof. The hoof caught my coat and tore a long slit in it. I skipped a little faster.

to save my life. At last, when the caribou had followed him to some little cove, I saw my opportunity, and I slipped down a rocky bank, seized my gun before he could turn. He came straight at me, more furious than ever, and I fired. Boys, I don't think I shall ever feel with my eyes shut. Mr. Wink had lost it. I ought to have done it then. The fact is, I was so nervous that it was almost a mere chance shot, but it chanced to go straight and true. The moose was shot through the heart.

"Maybe you think I didn't do that dog after that! He had slipped away from Felix, you see, and had run after me, and if he had been there three minutes later I'd have been buried in those Maine woods. I tried my best to buy that little dog and meant to bring him to Gonzales county and let him roll on the Bermuda grass and play with the children all day, as long as he lived, but the mill men wouldn't sell him; and so I was forced to come away with these horns as my only trophies."—(Tex.) for St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A SAGACIOUS BIRD.

The Story of a Parrot That Had a Good Memory.

"How long do you suppose a parrot can remember," said a gentleman who has long been a resident of this city, the other day. "You thought a parrot couldn't remember at all, didn't you? You were under the impression that a parrot couldn't remember at all, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Ten years ago a young married lady, Mrs. Robins, from New Orleans, made quite a visit at our house. She brought with her a parrot named Pedro, and it was the first time that parrot had been at home. Our children were all at home then—the youngest eight years old, and the oldest sixteen. When they saw the parrot, they were all very much interested, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

"Well, the other day Mrs. Robins came again, and brought Pedro. He was taken upstairs to the hall, and then at Mrs. Robins' request I uncovered the cage myself. I wasn't expecting anything, and I told the children that I was going to let the parrot out. I told them that the parrot was a very smart bird, and that it didn't understand a word it said? But let me tell you that those birds know a great deal more than they are given credit for. I am going to tell you something which will convince you that a parrot can remember."

## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—When you buy raisins for cooking purposes, seed them, wash and thoroughly dry them and put in a glass jar with light lard. Currants also.

—Chocolate Blanc Manger: One quart rich cream, one-half cup cream, three ounces of chocolate, one-quarter pound of white sugar, one two-ounce box of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water. Boil milk, chocolate and sugar together, the chocolate and rubbing it smooth in a little of the milk. Then add the gelatine and ten drops of vanilla. Stir well, and remove from the fire in about five minutes. When lukewarm pour through a strainer into molds that have been previously dipped into a bath of cold water.

—Speaking of bandanas, these cotton squares make gay and inexpensive covers for cushions. The colors are fast, and they are large enough to make a strip from each to make into a trimming ruffle for the pillow. For the sitting-room lounge, whose cushion is likely to serve on occasions as the children's football, and especially for the sofa, a bandana is especially serviceable.—N. Y. Times.

—Splendid Mince Meat: Boil five pounds of lean and juicy beef until tender, keeping closely covered while boiling. When cool, chop very fine. Chop well three pounds of silver beef, add three pounds of raisins and chop three pounds of well-washed and dried currants and two pounds of citron cut in small pieces. Grate the rind of six fresh lemons, two with nutmegs, cinnamon, four good-sized nutmegs, grated, one tablespoonful of ground white sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; chop fine fourteen good-sized pippins; mix these well together. If necessary, use more apples. Put in a stone jar. Keep in a cool, dry place.—Detroit Free Press.

—Deep Apple Pie: Line the sides of a round tin oval buttered two-quart dish with a paste. Put in a tablespoonful of water, then a layer of thirty-sliced tart apples, a tablespoonful of sugar and so on until the dish is heaping full. Add bits of lemon peel or a sprinkle of nutmeg, if liked. Cover with paste and cut a slit in the middle before fastening it down. Take the grating from the bottom of the oven, as the heat is slow in penetrating a crockery dish or plate. If the crust is too brown, brush with egg wash on top of the range, put a tiny coffee-cup scoop side down in the middle of the apples before covering to prevent the juice from boiling over; when eating the pie, lift the top with a knife and eat the juice.—N. Y. World.

—Lobster Rissoles: Into a steapan put half a pint of stock broth, some seasoning, a little roux, and a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce. Boil five minutes, then stir in the yolks





